A BEAUTIFUL DECLINE

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WORLD OF DISTORTION
(Aretstikapha.)

FADE TO

DYJAN (v. o.)
If one is in heaven and knows hell exists then they are in hell.

FADE TO

EXT: Vast ocean.
Uncertain if day or night. Ocean colour of dark wine, in distance dark clouds can be seen, creating image of sparkling dark waters and grey-black clouds overhead, while sound of the wind can be heard.
AERIAL SHOT of ocean until camera notices a small dot upon the water. Camera ZOOMS IN to see a large spider crossing waters. Camera PANS down over creature, CLOSE UP of its winterlike appearance, coming before its eyes, eight pale blue eyes staring fixedly ahead, then camera ZOOMS BACK to reveal her slowly walking along surface of water.
Camera PANS down below water to see inversion of creature likewise walking, but reversed. Camera is between at point of ocean's surface tension, revealing both forms moving lock-step with each other.
Then the reflection turns upward, staring at her, even as she is not staring down at it . . .

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: Daytime. Office.
Three large windows camera can see from far wall, letting light in. Between high rectangular windows are bookcases. Room, wallpaper, even windows are white while five bookcases are black, creating an impression of five doors suffused of light. To right of the camera is a small ornate pool of water, similar to something one might use to hold a bonzai tree. It is on a small rounded desk. In middle of room is a chair, leatherback, also black, and seated in it a man. He is clearly old, wispy hair, wearing dark clothes and he is simply staring into space. To left is a table and another chair. Seated in this is a young man, with brown hair and a brown suit, sitting comfortably, his hands pressed together before him, as if deep in thought. The old man is called DYJAN FOMORI. The young man KHARISIRI.

DYJAN
I am sitting here, I am sitting here, I am sitting here . . .

DYJAN glances over to see KHARISIRI finally.

DYJAN
What are you doing here? When did you arrive?
I thought you were still on Mars?

KHARISIRI

Mars?

DYJAN

Yes, on Mars, fighting the golden hordes, fighting the spiders . . .
You should have seen yourself battling them.

KHARISIRI stands up and walks over to DYJAN, bending down to look at him closely. CLOSE UP of DYJAN'S face as KHARISIRI'S speaks.

KHARISIRI

When did you last eat?

DYJAN looking somewhere confused.

DYJAN

Maybe a day, maybe two. What day is today?

KHARISIRI

Tuesday.

DYJAN

I sat here Saturday. I don't think I got up.

Camera ZOOMS BACK as KHARISIRI helps DYJAN to his feet.

KHARISIRI

Time to take you to the hospital then.

DYJAN

No! No, I won't go! Let go of me.

He seems to quiet down a bit.

DYJAN

It's only been a few days. It's not as if I'm dying.

DYJAN walks to pool and stares down fixedly a time, trying to ignore KHARISIRI. DYJAN turns to stare at KHARISIRI.

DYJAN

This is my home. I don't want to leave it until I have no choice.

KHARISIRI

Well then I am going to go get some food for you. If you won't
leave fine. But you will eat, and drink something. Agreed?

Camera CLOSE UP of DYJAN'S face. Then camera PANS around to where KHARISIRI was but he's gone.

DYJAN
This is my home. I'm not leaving it.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Ocean.
Spider continues walking along water, camera before her, watching her steps. Angle of camera allows for inversion to be seen as well. With each step she makes inversion makes as well. There is light somewhere but isn't daylight or nighttime. In distance large forms are seen, sloping like mountains. Camera cannot make forms out completely. Camera slowly PANS up revealing the forms in the distance . . .

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: Office.
DYJAN still sitting in his chair.
In his hands are pages, and he glances now, reading out loud, slowly.

DYJAN
There was death afoot in the darkness. There was no time, just thought. In the blackness Ixala heard a sound. Time moved differently where the man who was no man came from. The creature was still far above them, unwilling to go further into the pit. They were alone with only their thoughts for company now.

DYJAN glances up, stands slowly, moves toward the table. He sits by it and lays his head on it, sound of his voice continues even though he is not talking now.

DYJAN (v. o.)
With only their thoughts, and the sound. In the blackness Iwisa could see. The walls of the chasm loomed on each side and she was only now aware of what happened. Sound was growing stronger now. Sound of wings. Chasm was lined with endless spirals of dust which were tomes of human thought.

Camera ZOOMS IN, moving past piles of books that hid his face before, showing his face now.

DYJAN (v. o.)
Imagine spending eternity in the dark, listening to the sound of dead voices.

DYJAN'S eyes turn toward table and camera PANS down until it is upon the table, and small particles of dust can be seen. Camera ZOOMS IN until each grain of grey dust seems like vast forests on table, grey forests colour of ash slowly dissolving away as camera is observing them.

DYJAN (v. o)
Iwisa was a woman in an office and a fly on a wall and the flower on a table and each cell in each body everywhere. Ixala was swept into fifty centuries in both directions and further back and further ahead until she swam in oceans and saw with five eyes.

Amid dust a creature can be seen walking. It is a pseudo-scorpion with five pale blue eye-stalks moving across amid the forests of dust.

DYJAN (v. o.)
Ixala reached out and touched Iwisa's hand.

Another of the creatures could be seen, the pair slowly moving away from the camera now.

DYJAN (v. o.)
She focused on nothing else except the two of them alone in the dark with nothing but each other for company forever. Surrounded by the waiting dead.

Camera ZOOMS OUT to see DYJAN slowly sit up again, slouching in the chair.

DYJAN
They walked upward through fifty million years, eventually reaching Mars, or laying cocoonlike in the valleys of the moon, leaving just the future memories behind.

DYJAN glances at pages in his hand and then puts his hand on the table where the creatures seemingly were.

FADE TO

DYJAN (v. o.)
Leaving just the memories behind.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Daytime. Ocean under the waves.
City composed of blue translucent material with specks of gold enmeshed within. City is occupied by golden sticklike insects wandering about. Since walls transparent each can see each other.

AERIAL SHOT of city as camera slowly PANS across it, gazing down, then when it reaches the end, (city being in a crescent shape against the slope of a mountain,) camera turns and ZOOMS IN. Camera PANS through city revealing creatures moving, then focuses on one in the street. Others are gathered about. She appears about to give birth.

DYJAN (v. o.)
There was no death there. Instead, one merely split in half . . .

The insect splits down the middle, and two new insects are formed.

DYJAN (v. o.)
And each half was given a different role. One would go on, passing through the city, finding her rooms, her life again, uncertain why she was alive, while the second would turn back, pass the labyrinth until her day was done, then return to do it all again.

One of the insects moves on with the crowd while the other turns to watch them pass, then goes the other way. Suddenly camera ZOOMS BACK to reveal it had been in the pool of water. Camera sees DYJAN at his chair and KHARISIRI at his own.

DYJAN
(Turning to stare at KHARISIRI.)
There was no death there. I am certain of it.

KHARISIRI
Tell me about him.

DYJAN
Who? Oh. No. No, please.

KHARISIRI stands up, moves to pool until he seems to be a giant from camera's point of view. Bends down to stare at pool a time, his face so massive to be only thing in view.

KHARISIRI
Was this his?

DYJAN
Yes. He gave it to me.

KHARISIRI
Why can't you talk about him anymore?

DYJAN
It's too soon, I think. It's always too soon.

DYJAN (v. o.)
I remember playing checkers. I remember sitting on my parents' bed playing checkers with my father when I was probably six and I had my last piece on the edge of the board, and I was trying to decide how to move to avoid being captured but his piece was across, and it was a king so I couldn't move without losing. I remember playing checkers. I remember the texture of the sheet and the colour of the board and Father looking over the board. This is something I remember.

DYJAN
I remember all this.

KHARISIRI
What do you remember?

Camera PANS up into the ceiling lamps as the sound of buzzing is heard.

DYJAN
I remember flies at the last moments of their lives would enter chamber of lights and fade away. They would open the white doors and stand in the corridors of grey, wander their lost, last moments surrounded by the bodies of their forbears, waiting patiently far above the world for the world's end to take them all away.

Camera PANS down revealing ocean below, then PANS to where corridors were to find them clouds now. Camera PANS down to where the spider continues walking, and is now in front of her.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
You can't keep doing THIS to yourself anymore.

DYJAN (v. o.)
Keep doing what?

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
Hiding.

DYJAN (v. o.)
I'm not hiding. I'm writing.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
You're hiding.

Camera moves down again at edge of water's surface tension. Inversion can be seen walking too.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
Tell me about him.

DYJAN (v. o.)
He was born on a farm outside the city. Had two brothers. Was raised by his brother's wife after his mother passed away. He was a carpenter and every winter I went out with him and we'd shovel the driveways of snow an inch at a time, this white oblivion that always grew back. Every summer the grass would have to be cut, the sickly burnt sweet smell of grass everywhere. And between him sitting at his table reading about sad little saints and cancer and the end of the world.

In distance a man can be seen walking wearing a long blue coat. He's carrying a shovel over his shoulder.

DYJAN (v. o.)
Don't know how to fill an entire life in a few words. But if you turn it around, make it all extraordinary then no one will forget.

Camera PANS up to see DYJAN and KHARASIRI in distance.

DYJAN
No one will forget.

KHARASIRI
What's wrong with being ordinary? What's wrong with just saying you love him and you miss him?

Camera PANS down again to see MAN striding where spider was while she is now the inversion on the other side. Then she slowly fades away, as does he, fading away as the camera turns to look at ocean below and city as slowly fades and dissolves away. Camera PANS up to see KHARISIRI sitting alone in the chair DYJAN was sitting at before.

KHARISIRI
What's wrong with being ordinary?

He stands up and moves to door which camera can see from its position by the pool. He turns back to stare at it a moment.

KHARISIRI
Where did you go?

A knock at the door.

KHARISIRI opens it to reveal a young woman standing there who looks similar to KHARISIRI but different.

TSOLB

Hey.

KHARISIRI

Hey sis.

TSOLB

The funeral is in twenty minutes. Are you ready?

KHARISIRI

No. But I'll be there.

TSOLB

I'll wait. So what have you been doing lately?

KHARISIRI

Just writing.

He closes the door after the pair leave the room.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)

Trying to figure out what to say.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Daytime. Large green field littered with grave markers.
Several people all gathered together, KHARISIRI and TSOLB at the front. All others appear to be wearing the masks of small golden birds with sapphire beaks.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)

Plot for a play. A world where everyone wears masks at all times, where everyone sounds the same. Where everyone acts identical to each other. So you will find children going with strangers thinking they are their mothers and fathers, or parents doing the same, putting all those expectations on each other, atop each other. Broad composites of beings . . .

MINISTER who is to the camera's right, speaking.

MINISTER

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust . . .

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
Can you hear me? Can you see me anymore? Do you remember the shape of the mask I wore when I was there with you that last time? Do you remember each piece I picked up of you, adding little touches that all became me? If I strip everything away is it me or you underneath my face? Is it me or you buried here?

TSOLB
That was beautiful, what he said. Don't you think?

KHARISIRI
Yes, of course.

TSOLB
He said nothing right now. You're not paying attention.

KHARISIRI
Deep in thought.

TSOLB
I bet.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
I imagine when life first began it must have been like this. Maybe the first creatures were just hands and eyes straddling the ground looking for pieces of one another to find and put together. Can you imagine a hand crawling, looking for an eye? Can you imagine something burying just this small piece of itself behind?

KHARISIRI
(Whispering.)
He was my whole world.

KHARISIRI turns, walks away as crowds disperse. TSOLB follows him. They move to a nearby grave marker, he leaning against it.

KHARISIRI
What do we do now?

TSOLB
A reception, then . . . I don't know.

KHARISIRI

Ever thought of talking to it?

TSOLB

It?

KHARISIRI

Talking to the thing that killed him. Talking to the cancer?

TSOLB

No, why?

KHARISIRI

Maybe I could have made it listen.

KHARISIRI smiles weakly.

KHARISIRI

Made it understand.

TSOLB

It doesn't work that way you know.

KHARISIRI

I know.

TSOLB

Come on, let's go to the reception.

As they walk on all the people seem normal now and none of them are wearing masks.

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: Nighttime. Office.
KHARISIRI at his table, writing, TSOLB is in his chair, reading.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)

Imagine this continent on a far world, people all wearing masks, looking the same. Because everyone is the same families come together, are split apart, lovers meet each other, depart, never even knowing if the person they met was the one they first fell in love with. Masks hiding, hiding maybe nothing beneath. And buried inside are these parasites in the blood, moving from person to person, expanding one life after another after another, taking on the persona of lovers and sons and daughters and prophets and saints, never knowing if the life they are living is the same life they lived before.

KHARISIRI looks at and stares at TSOLB behind him.

KHARISIRI
I have my character, I think.

TSOLB gets up and goes over to him.

TSOLB
Yeah? Oh, you're modeling it on Father

KHARISIRI
Trying to put him somewhere to be remembered. Here is his earliest days, there on the farm, the accident, when he got married, and your birth.

TSOLB
On an alien planet, with him wearing a mask and . . .
a war involving moths?

KHARISIRI
(Sheepishly)
Giant moths and spiders. Crimson sands like Mars with black canals . . .

Camera PANS down to table which becomes a scarlet desert with large black spiders on them, and riding upon them people wearing masks.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
A war between two races fighting in the trenches, never knowing who they are fighting for or fighting against.
And he is there . . .

Camera TRACKS one soldier riding a giant spider, then camera PANS to another and tracks him, then another and TRACKS him, all going toward the enemy line.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
Here and here and here, his life roiling through everything in time.

TSOLB (v. o.)
But isn't him. Not really.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
No, just a parasite in the blood, just a creature moving from shape to shape, occupying them, making them come to life a portion at a time.

TSOLB (v. o.)
I think you've described memory to me.

Camera PANS up from violence and battle to see pair of them staring over it. Like giants.

TSOLB
What I meant is our father cannot be there because he is gone. All you have here is just . . . something else.

TSOLB turns and goes into darkness and sits.

KHARISIRI
What I have is just a parasite in the blood.

FADE TO

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
It's impossible to make such a world exist. There are laws and rules and rulers, and the creators and the created.

FADE TO

EXT: Daylight. Green field. Woman is lying on field, dark-skinned, not black but violet colour like ocean. She is giving birth. Around her are other women watching her.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
It's impossible to make any world real.

Woman's body bursts forth revealing several small daughters within, which are taken out. Camera PANS down to see her ruined body and a lone figure within, a frail male infant crawling at the walls of her skin.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
One can imagine something bizarre. Even birth can be strange. But one can't really create something one has not experienced before.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Daylight. Frozen tundra.
In distance a large domed city, spires under glass. Camera PANS closer revealing pale-bodied women within, staring out at the snow and the spires of ice beyond. As KHARISIRI recites the camera PANS across the entire city, moving past women walking by, moving past the butchered remains of human forms hanging on hooks everywhere.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)
Under ice, through fire that wings the night, we shall go forever now, through the country of the snow. Domes of frost that straddle sky, domes of ocean shaded now, and I will look for you in shadow. Once all this was

summertime, now ruined by the thief of time. Summer cannot stay.
I know . . . you are not with me here.

Camera stops suddenly to see KHARISIRI sitting in his chair in his office which is now somewhere part of this city scene. TSOLB is sitting beside him.

KHARISIRI
One can never really create a new thing.

TSOLB
You didn't make that for Dad.

KHARISIRI
No, I made it for her. Remember when Father said I had to choose between the work and the life. I made my choice, so I'm alone here now. And all these feelings they're getting jumbled up somehow. Thing is, no matter what you make it's never enough. I have walked across the sun, or written about it which is sometimes the same thing. I've sculpted deserts in my mind. I've imagined women giving birth to creatures who consume them from within. Hungry for us.

TSOLB
But you can't describe him?

KHARISIRI
Where would I start? Everything I am ends and stops at where he was, but I move on. Right now I'm standing by an island of black trees in an ocean of scarlet sand, because . . .

He turns to look at her now.

KHARISIRI
If I admit I'm just sitting in my office talking to you and have spent the last fifty years of my life here, never leaving, never moving on, never loving, never caring, never even being listened to because no one knows what I'm trying to say . . .

TSOLB
But you know, don't you?

KHARISIRI stands and looks about.

KHARISIRI
I know that in the first myths gods created their worlds by thought. An idea made and suddenly that thing was. But I can't cross the barrier, can't bring him back, can't get back one second of time. It's all slipping away and I keep heading . . .

He looks toward the camera as it ZOOMS BACK revealing the city again

KHARISIRI

There.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Empty space. Grey planet comes into view.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)

It is called Remora. Imagine an entire world hidden behind great walls.

Camera PANS in revealing the entire planet is a single perfect sphere.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)

There below the planet they linger. Once they were like us but over time they added parts to themselves.

Camera PANS below to see millions of golden beings walking. Some are blocklike, others more humanoid. One is a woman with a blue rhombus jewel in her forehead.

KHARISIRI (v. o.)

Over millions of years they dominated all organic feeling. Cheating even death. But the price is no longer being alive. They lost the thought of stars or what days mean. Fifty million years hiding underground, terrified of a cataclysm that never came. The universe went on without them, ignoring them as if they never were, and they too arrogant to imagine the universe could get on without them.

TSOLB now walks among them, glancing at camera.

TSOLB

Is this all you want to say? About Father? Grim little metaphors?

Office is now seen and KHARISIRI is sitting in his chair. TSOLB walks over to her seat and sits down.

KHARISIRI

I don’t know. I keep coming back to him, his life, his death, how it all ends, but I want to be here, in my thoughts forever. Just here.

Woman with the blue jewel comes forward and sits by the table. Her name is KIKAYON. TSOLB notices her.

TSOLB

But it isn’t real. And it won’t change the fact he’s gone.

KHARISIRI
Or that she's gone. Or anyone. I could imagine I was the last man in the world, could hear the thunder of a nuclear fire and a door opening in my head, door to everywhere in the universe, always following him, always following the thought of him. Maybe that's all this is? My dying dream.

Camera ZOOMS BACK to reveal just office now, the three of them sitting there.

KHARISIRI
Maybe I'm not even really here, or maybe I'm just an old man dying of cancer who hasn't eaten in days, listening to myself talking to me.

KIKAYON goes out door, comes back with glass of water KHARISIRI takes and drinks.

TSOLB
Or maybe you just need to say all this nonsense to get on with your life.

TSOLB gets up, takes KIKAYON in hand as both leave room together, obviously aware of each other.

DYJAN appears then and sits where KHARISIRI sat originally.

DYJAN
Do you want to talk about it?

KHARISIRI
My father was a good man who died a long time ago, and who died yesterday. And all I can do to explain how I feel is over things that don't make sense to anyone but me.

DYJAN
Grief is a language of its own.

KHARISIRI gets up and leaves the room.
DYJAN sits where he sat at the beginning.

DYJAN
Everyone is always trying to look ahead. We're always trying to plan for the people who come after us. We make grimoires for the future humans who will have no better idea who we were than we know ourselves. We make spells and litanies to explain our world and expect someone in some future time to recognize it all, to turn what we've done and who we were into something understandable and clear and perfectly understood. But we can't.

Camera ZOOMS BACK to reveal office is now in middle of a vast black landscape. In

distance looming figures are seen, zamzummim giants, murmuring.

DYJAN

We're just parasites in the blood, moving from body to body aimlessly, never really aware of what we became before, feeling that itching at the back of our minds. The pain of ending things.

DYJAN stands and the camera notices there is a reflection of a spider seen below, like before.

DYJAN

We're explorers crossing a landscape that never stays the same, going with and going to and going away from everyone we ever knew and loved. We take leave of those we loved, and left behind. We're all just heading to the city of the end of things, our only companion . . .

He glances down.

DYJAN

Our selves alone and a last litany on the wind. And here is how it goes. The world is made of antipodes, composed of two sides. There is what one sees and what one knows, and what one can describe. There is a shape of years to come, and time. There is a grief to being. One cannot know the path ahead.

DYJAN looks directly at camera.

DYJAN

One can only know the dreaming.

FADE TO

KHARISIRI (v. o.)

I take down the book of my life. I add my chapters to it. Then I put it back again.

FADE TO

THE SILVER SCORPION

ESTABLISHING SHOT.
EXT: Night. Streets of Victorian London.

VOICE (v. o.)
In the mean streets of London, nearing the end of the century, a legend grew.

Camera PANS up to see a shadow crossing from building to building. A pair of men are seen gathering in the shadows, as a woman is about to walk by. Suddenly two red darts are fired from above, hitting both men in the neck, knocking them out. They collapse to the ground. Woman walks about the corner to where they are, sees them and then seems to run off screaming.

VOICE (v. o.)
A secretive guardian patrolled the streets at night, silent but deadly.
His calling card the red darts he left in his victims . . . (beat)

A man in a dapper black coat with a top hat, wanders past wearing a domino mask. He is bald.

VOICE (v. o.)
Criminals beware, it's the *Silver Scorpion*.

FADE TO

JAMES
Bugger all, are you too alright? I say.

FADE IN
INT: Apartment.
JAMES is there with IVORY ROSE his wife, and seated with them at a round table is REN.

VOICE (v. o.)
By day James Moran is just a humble merchant and trader, but by night . . . (beat)

EXT: Rooftops of a building.
JAMES wearing a tuxedo, domino mask etc from previous scene.

VOICE (v. o.)
He is the Silver Scorpion, defender of London.

FLASH BACK BEGINS (In sepia tone.)
EXT: Japan, a field, JAMES surrounded by stereotypical ninjas.

VOICE (v. o.)
Trained in martial arts by a master of Ninjitsu, his body made beyond superhuman . . . (beat)

Cue ninjas beating the crap out of him.

VOICE (v. o.)
James Moran became the Old Master's greatest pupil and heir.

INT: Ancient Japanese building. JAMES is cleaning the floor with a brush. Several ninja walk by, a few even spitting on the floor.

VOICE (v. o.)
And when the ninja clan was attacked by a rival clan it was James Moran who stepped in and stopped it.

EXT: Night. Building.
Building set on fire, all ninjas dead, both his own side and enemies, (distinguishable by different colours,) with JAMES MORAN looking at fire, back to camera.

JAMES
Well how the hell did I do that?

VOICE (v. o.)
The only other survivor of the massacre was Ren, the Old Master's granddaughter.

REN steps out of the shadows and stands by JAMES.

REN
(Deadpan.)
Hey. So you fucked up again, huh?

VOICE (v. o.)
And so it was that Ren became the ward of James Moran.
FLASH BACK ENDS
FADE TO

JAMES
Yeah, I guess so.

FADE IN
EXT: Daylight. Street of London.
JAMES is on the street selling cloth to passing people walking by.
EXT: Street after dark. JAMES, dressed in exactly the same attire with a domino mask is prowling about.

Two MEN approach, armed with metal pipes.

VOICE (v. o.)
After James Moran returned to England he devoted himself to the eradication of crime in London . . . (beat)

JAMES steps from shadow, and draws a katanna. Men turn to run only to be stopped by REN also wearing a domino mask, who has a naginata in hand.

FIRST MAN
Look, it's the mysterious stranger who looks a lot like James Moran but that's impossible because James Moran doesn't wear a mask.

SECOND MAN
And look it's the mysterious stranger's companion who looks a lot like James Moran's Japanese ward but that's also impossible because she doesn't wear a mask either.

VOICE (v. o.)
James Moran had two things on his side. One, he was genuinely good with a sword, and two, the criminals in England were fucking idiots.

JAMES
Come trusty ward let us teach these ruffians its not nice being criminals in my city.

REN
Really? Because so far they haven't done anything illegal yet.

JAMES
Say what?

REN
They haven't robbed anyone that we've seen.

FIRST
That's true.

REN
Killed anyone?

SECOND
No ma'am.

REN
Rape, pillage, burn?

FIRST

Nope.

SECOND

Nada.

FIRST

Burn as in intentional or unintentional, because I burnt some toast once . . . (beat)

REN

(Exasperated.)

Intentional.

FIRST

Then no.

JAMES

And the pipes?

SECOND

Would you believe we're plumbers?

JAMES

Not really no.

FIRST

Acrobats and these are our handle bars?

JAMES

I ain't buying that either.

FIRST

Okay, we're into S & M and the pipes are to beat each other senseless with.

REN

Sure, why not?

JAMES

Okay, extremely weird citizens, get out of here. But if I catch you committing crimes . . . (beat)

A red dart flies past the head of FIRST MAN

JAMES

There will be trouble.

FIRST

Got it.

SECOND

Bye.

Both men leave.

REN looks behind her.

REN

Oh crap, you killed another cat.

FADE TO

JAMES

How many is that now?

FADE IN
INT: Darkened room.
Round table, a number of shadowy figures seated around it.

VOICE (v. o.)

During James' many forays into the criminal underworld he caught the scent of a vast criminal conspiracy attempting to take over the entire British Empire and rule it with an iron fist, the Order of Spiders. Now his one man, one woman war on crime has taken an even darker turn as the vast conspiracy of trained killers, psychopaths and monsters becomes aware of the bastion of law and order who seeks their demise.

FIRST EVIL

Okay, so we're all agreed. Jelly filled donuts after the meeting, right?

SECOND EVIL

Agreed.

THIRD

Ah come on, no beer, no tea?

FOURTH

I like tea.

FIFTH

I like porn.

EVIL
No porn, no beer, no beer and no tea. And no beer. Boss's orders.

COLLECTIVELY
Awwww!

FIRST
Now, back to business, it's come to the Boss's attention that the Silver Scorpion has gotten what wise to our plans.

SECOND EVIL
So how we stop em?

FIRST EVIL
The boss has it well in hand. Hahahaha.

COLLECTIVELY
Hahahaha.

FIFTH
I like beer too.

FIRST
No fucking beer!

FADE TO

FIFTH
Ah, you're no fun.

FADE IN
INT: JAMES' apartment.
JAMES and REN enter.

JAMES
Sweety, darling, delicate rose-flower who as a woman in the Victorian Era can't possibly defend herself and so needs a strong man to do it for you, where are you?

REN
(Deadpan.)
What's fucking wrong with you man?

JAMES
(Ignoring her.)
She's not here. Ah, look a suspicious envelop with what I assume to be ketchup on it.

JAMES picks up letter off table and starts to read.

JAMES

(Reading)

Dear Silver Scorpion . . . (beat)

Turns to REN

JAMES

Ah, someone knows my secret identity and wrote me a letter, isn't that sweet . . . what!? (Continues reading.) . . . we have your fiancée the lovely and completely above suspicion Ivory Rose and are holding her so you will not interfere with our evil plan. Ha ha ha, ha ha.
PS: She is above suspicion. Don't be suspicious. Seriously, don't.

Turning to REN again.

JAMES

This is terrible, I need her. She has the lease for this apartment. With her gone I have nowhere to live.

REN

Yeah, and she might be in danger too.

JAMES

That too. Oh, how are we going to find her? Think man, think. Oh, this is a devilishly complex plot . . . (beat)

REN glances at envelop in JAMES' hand

REN

Address is written on the other side of the page. Start there.

JAMES

Riiiiight. (Nods head, glances at address.) Let's go.

REN

After you fearless leader.

They leaves apartment.

FADE TO

REN

What do you see in that woman anyway?

JAMES
Well when we're in bed together . . .

REN
No, no more, don't want to know.

FADE IN
INT: Inside of warehouse.
Two guards on either side of IVORY who is tied to a chair in middle of room, her mouth gagged. Enter JAMES and REN through skylight from above.

JAMES
Unhand her you ruffians!

FIRST GUARD
Hey we weren't touching her.

SECOND GUARD
I'm gay myself so I really don't want to touch her.

FIRST GUARD
You too, we should chat over tea after this is done.

SECOND GUARD
I'd like that, I'd like that very much.

JAMES
(exasperated.)
Back to the rescuing if you don't mind?

FIRST GUARD
Oh, yes, leave us to this sordid business.

Both men pulls guns.

REN
Didn't think this through, did you?

JAMES throws his darts disarming both men.

JAMES
Aha, what now?

SECOND GUARD
Have any more darts?

JAMES

No, why?

GUARD pull guns from coats and aim them at JAMES and REN

SECOND GUARD

That's why.

REN

You have got to be shitting me.

FIRST GUARD

Ew, that's a terrible mental image.

SECOND GUARD

See I was thinking the same thing but didn't want
to say anything 'til you did.

JAMES

So what are you going to do to us?

SECOND GUARD

The Boss figures the only way to beat you is through your honour.

JAMES

Gasp, my one weakness.

REN

That's your weakness, not maybe getting shot by people or drowning
or being set on fire?

JAMES

What do you want?

FIRST GUARD

Swear that you will not interfere with the Boss's plans to
take over the Empire and we will release your fiancee.

JAMES

And if I refuse?

SECOND GUARD

We will release your fiancee . . . (beat)

JAMES sighs with relief

SECOND GUARD
Into the shark filled pool of water below.

JAMES
Damn, I was really hopeful ‘til you mentioned sharks. Okay, I swear I will not interfere with the Boss’s plan. Now what?

IVORY ROSE gets off the chair and takes the gag out of her mouth.

IVORY
Now I begin my conquest of Great Britain.

JAMES
You!

IVORY
Yes, I! I am the ruler of the mysterious Order of Spiders, I am head of the conclave who secretly wishes to rule the world, and now that you have been eliminated I shall be victorious! Hahahaha.

GUARD
Hahahaha!

JAMES
But why?

REN
Also how, seriously?

IVORY
Because only I am fit to govern properly.

REN
After seeing what this country is like I’ll concede that. Still, how?

JAMES
Actually, I’m with Ren on this, how are you in charge of a vast conspiracy?

IVORY
I have a life outside of you. And now that you’ve made an unbreakable promise I am free to do as I wish. Hahahaha!

GUARDS

Hahahaha!

REN

Stop that.

IVORY

Oh, by the way, after I'm done tonight I'm making dinner so if you want anything in particular tell me first.

JAMES

I will.

REN

Wait! Before you walk away I have a request.

IVORY

A request? What is it?

REN

That James demonstrates before the new ruler of the world how he defeated an entire clan of ninjas back in Japan.

JAMES

(Hastily.)

No, no I won't do that.

IVORY

Oh yes you will.

JAMES

Oh dear.

FADE TO

FADE IN

EXT: Night. Outside of burning factory.

REN

You did good James. You did good.

JAMES

There goes the lease on my apartment. And having my genitals . . . (beat)

REN

James!

JAMES
I know I know, too much information. Think she survived?

REN
Sure, why not? Whatever makes you happy.

They walk away.

IVORY (v. o.)
You thought you'd seen the last of me but I escape through the secret entrance, and my empire will rise . . . hey, the door to the outside is locked. Hello? Hello can someone open the door . . . hey it's getting stuffy in here . . . I can't breath! Heeeelllooooo?

VOICE (v. o.)
And thus it was that the Silver Scorpion saved the British Empire from conquest, kinda. Until the Order of Spiders got their shit together, so, let's say until 1914 at least, and by then it was smooth sailing for the British Empire and nothing bad ever . . . oh it did? Well, never mind. The end.

FADE TO

THE BEACH

EXT: Daylight. Beach.
Ocean is to the left, woman is walking along it. She seems nondescript, slender, blond. Wearing clothing for the summer. She reaches water's edge, and then disappears, dragged below. Sand is shifting about then her upper body is pushed up. She sags forward. Her lower half is gone.

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: Morgue.
DETECTIVE is looking down at the silver slab. Her body is visible, as the coroner shows him the injuries. Then he moves over to the far wall and opens a few of the slabs, drawing out one after another victim, who are either missing their lower or upper halves.

FLASH BACK
EXT: Daylight. Beach.
Various individuals over time venture toward the water, each one dragged below. Some scream, some don't have time, one person, a woman, tries to stab at the rough sand, but they all die. It takes them all. They are shown following same pattern, from same camera angle. Camera is before them, then above as they are dragged down, then moving behind them as they die.

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: Lab.
DETECTIVE is before a group of scientists, men and women, who are before a chalkboard. They nod one to another as the DETECTIVE seems to be describing what has been going on.

FLASH BACK
INT: A map of some country, as attacks are shown starting north, heading south.

CUT TO
INT: Lab.
When done scientists make one final node. The camera doesn't show what they figure out because the chalk board is to the left, facing away from camera. DETECTIVE looks up in obvious shock.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Daylight. Beach.
It is later. Scientists are in background. Onto beach steps a cow. It moves toward water and is dragged down, struggling to get up. Sand starts writhing and then sand seems to become sluggish. Cow is propped up then walks away, seemingly drunk. The broken animal stumbles toward land then keels over.

One SCIENTIST nods to DETECTIVE as a large machine rumbles forward, digging into earth. Scene ends as they've caught something.

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: A large tank of water.
Inside are creatures. There is a large coiling shell like a cone snail. Atop is a flowerlike structure, blueish, like an exposed barnacle. Snail fires its dart up at flower but misses each time. Snail is twenty feet long, barnacle forty. Camera moves back to reveal a large dark room the tank of water is in. DETECTIVE enters the darkened room and goes toward the broad cylindrical tank of water. SCIENTIST enters behind him.

DETECTIVE
So this is the thing, huh?

SCIENTIST
Yes, they are.

ZOOM in on the SCIENTIST as he points to the lower creature.

SCIENTIST
The lower creature, you see it? It's a mollusk, lives in the deep, alone. Somehow that other creature stuck to it and was stealing the mollusks's food. It couldn't get enough to eat. That's why it was heading south, trying to go where the water was warm enough to kill the thief.

CUT TO
The tank of water, as long feathery "leaves" of the barnacle grasp the upper ceiling trying to push it's own way free. Snail fires a dart at the creature and misses again.

FADE TO

MAN (v. o.)
They were trying to kill each other. We just got caught in the way.

THE CANNIBALS

EXT: Twilight. Alien city.
Vast, coloured like coral, composed of large domes and spires.

CLOSE UP
Of a single dome. MAN walks up the walkway to the front door. He knocks, and GREEN WOMAN opens it. He walks inside.

INT: Large spacious room.
There is a large table. MAN sits at a chair. Camera PANS from him to focus on the shelf on the right side. CLOSE UP of a single yellow object, like an eye. GOLD WOMAN enters, and sits down, sitting across from him.

FLASH BACK
MAN is sitting on a small bench in a garden. Another GOLDEN WOMAN (II) approaches, and sits down. They seem to be talking.

CUT TO
EXT: Entire city, surrounded by massive dome.
Camera pulls away to reveal they are on a moon, in the distance is another world. A rocket is leaving the city, heading to this world.

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: Back to the spacious golden room.
GREEN WOMAN is standing behind GOLDEN WOMAN. MAN seems to be talking, INTER-CUT to images of Earth, green hills, deserts, and then GOLD WOMAN is speaking, INTER-CUT to images of the planet they are on, including the green women, green men, and them. MAN speaks again, INTER-CUT to the city on the moon where humans are, and the golden women and men, but noticeably no green women or men.

TIME CUT
INT: Spacious room.
Several hours have passed. Knock at the door. GREEN WOMAN leaves and another GOLD WOMAN (III) and GREEN WOMAN (II) is here. They leave MAN alone.
He gets up and starts looking around. He notices the shelf, garden in distance, and then focuses on small object. He picks it up. He stares at it, CLOSE UP of his expression, as he drops it, and stares out the door.

CUT TO
EXT: Daylight. The city, the coral, streets, the camera focusing in one can see eyes, fingers, hands embedded in walls, streets.
Petrified. Golden women wearing jewelry composed of petrified eyes.

CUT TO
INT: Side room.
MAN opens the door to see the GOLDEN WOMEN devouring the GREEN WOMEN.
POV of GOLD WOMAN who lives here, as it seems she can see herself through the eyes of the woman she devours.

CUT TO
INT: Side room.
MAN at doorway, staring at darkened room covered in blood. Then he closes the door.

CUT TO
EXT: The front of the door, as he sits and stares up at stars.
GOLD WOMAN (I) comes out, blood on her mouth, sits by him. He seems to be speaking to her. Then shakes head sadly. He gets up, and leaves. Camera pans from dome to him as he walks away.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Bench as before, in garden on moon.
He is seated there. GOLD WOMAN (II) from before, approaches and sits down by him. Both of them stare up at the world as it comes into view.

FADE TO

J'MORDHALAH XENIZ

EXT: Daylight. Jungle.
CLOSE UP to a ring of mountains, MAN climbing down, into valley below. Has come upon large area of greenery and strange purple flowers entangled with bones of animals. Takes a cutting of them, returns up the way he came.

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: large white palatial room.
In middle is a circular table, on table a pot, in pot several purple flowers.

FLASH BACK BEGINS
EXT: Daylight. The shore during the day.
MAN is by the shore, delivering flowers to men aboard a ship.

TIME CUT
EXT: The ocean during the day.
Ship upon the water.

TIME CUT
EXT: The dock, beneath a blazing sun.
Ship arrives at a large European city, 1890s, flower taken down and handed to RUNNER, who races across city, beside carriages, men wearing ornate clothes, women in elaborate dresses.

INTER-CUT
INT: Palatial room.
WOMAN IN WHITE sitting at a large window watching street below.

INTER-CUT
EXT: Daylight. Street.
Camera TRACKS RUNNER who reaches front doors as she descends the stairs, takes flowers in hand.

INTER-CUT
INT: Daylight. Street.
Camera TRACKS RUNNER as he walks away.

INT: White palatial room.
Flowers in the pot, WOMAN IN WHITE goes to it. She idly goes to flowers, stares at purplish bloom, moves about white room. Except, she turns back. She turns from picture of her husband, the MAN, who discovered flowers which is on a small table near the door back to the table in the sun where the flowers are, intently staring at them. She recoils back and goes on with her day.

TIME CUT
INT: Room. Night.
WOMAN IN WHITE is there. She is closer to the plant, as if spent entire day meditating.

TIME CUT
INT: Room. Sun's light pouring in. She is still there as if spent entire night gazing at flowers, clutching picture of husband in her hands.

CLOSE UP To the purplish blossoms as a fly lands on it, and doesn't move.

INT: Room. Sun is pouring in, angled across floor indicating several hours have passed. WOMAN IN WHITE moves closer, closer, CLOSE UP of face, as she gazes at blossoms, and doesn't move.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Daylight. Street beyond.
Small purple blossoms shooting through cobbled streets.

EXT: Daylight. School yard.
Children watching as purplish blooms rise up.

EXT: Daylight. Docks.
Small tinges of purple are showing through the buildings.

TIME CUT
EXT: Schoolyard at sunset. Children frozen as thick purplish vines shoot through them.

POV As a child seems to be imagining something. He is imagining the jungle, and a word repeated again and again, (word at end of the script,) like a drumbeat against his skull, as INTER-CUT to same scene, each time camera draws back to reveal perspective of RUNNER, man in a top hat, and WOMAN IN WHITE, who has vines through her body.

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Another valley, bright sun blazing down.
MAN climbs down to find a collection of yellowish-green blossoms beside some bones.

TIME CUT
EXT: Daylight. Same European city. Yellow vines creep up from the dock toward the purplish ones. A voice is heard.

VOICE (v. o.)
J'mordhalah, Xeniz.

FADE TO

SPYDER

(To indicate which is a flash back and which isn't flash backs will be tinged in colour, red, a slightly almost imperceptible colour of red.)

INT: Lab. Terrarium in middle of lab, a desertlike environment where spider is reclining. MAN walks forward and drops a cricket into the enclosure.

CLOSE UP
INT: Terrarium.
Spider pounces and eats it. Spider is purplish with white splotches spinning out blood-coloured silk as it works.

INT: Darkened lab.
WOMAN walks to him, looks down as it feeds.

FLASH BACK BEGINS
INT: Terrarium.
Inside it are hundreds of small black ants, dying, writhing in agony.

MAN (v. o.)

The goal of the experiment was to undo history. How evolution would change if there been no split between vertebrate and invertebrate life. We tried grafting human level intelligence onto ants. Watch our test subjects wither away. There was something about their communal behaviour that ran so contrary to human intelligence they committed mass suicide.

INT: Terrarium.
Scorpion in enclosure now, bright, golden shimmering, banging its head against a wall.

MAN (v. o.)

Scorpions proved too volatile. They take care of their offspring for only the first week. After that they devour them. Only able to save a few test subjects from predation. Those we saved died of grief from being from their mothers. As for the mothers . . . couldn't save them. Loss of their children caused psychotic breaks, that and the horror of devoured their own. We hoped with spiders it might be different.

FLASH BACK ENDS

FADE TO

FADE IN
INT: Terrarium.
Spider is there, pinned cricket and seems to be devouring it, but CLOSE UP can see it is pretending. MAN and WOMAN peer closer then spider fires a thin red strand at their necks. CLOSE UP of their necks as red strands bore in. Both stiffen. MAN puts hand in

terrarium, as spider climbs on top of it.

FLASH BACK BEGINS
INT: darkened room.
WOMAN and MAN are both there.

WOMAN
So how is she doing?

MAN
Really well. She's pregnant.

CLOSE UP of spider a moment as she appears to be staring up at MAN.
MAN paces a bit, with spider following his movements.

WOMAN
She seems to like you.

CLOSE UP of spider as she peers at WOMAN then rises on her hind legs, baring fangs.

MAN
(humourously)
And she doesn't like you.

WOMAN
Guess not.

MAN throws a cricket into terrarium. CLOSE UP the spider as she pounces on it, while still watching MAN and WOMAN intently with blackly glittering eyes.
FLASH BACK ENDS

FADE TO

EXT: Night. Parking lot.
Large building is there, MAN and WOMAN depart FROM it. Spider is in his left hand. MAN walks to nearby forest while WOMAN goes to nearby field. Visible along her arms are small glistening white egg sacs.

EXT: Night. Large tree in the forest.
MAN slumps against tree and stares down as spider starts eating his hand.

FLASH BACK BEGINS
INT: Terrarium.
Smaller spider is put in. Female spider pounces on it then tears off a leg, wanders off, devouring it. It returns, removing a limb, moving off, before finally finishing it with a strike of fangs to the head.
CLOSE UP of impaled spider as fangs retract and is left to wither and die.

FLASH BACK ENDS

FADE TO

FADE IN
EXT: Night. Forest.
CLOSE UP of MAN's face, as camera PANS down to see his arm ruined beyond repair. Then spider curls up and dies.

EXT: Night. Field.
WOMAN is covered in spider threads, clearly dead. Wind picks up and millions of small silvery tufts are blown from off her body. CLOSE UP to reveal these silvery tufts are infant spiders.

EXT: Daylight. Field.
Just about dawn camera PANS right to reveal infants are heading toward a massive city in the distance.

VOICE (v. o.)

Along fields they went, letting the summer air catch them. They would never know the father who loved them or their mother who sacrificed to much. They went along the air, hoping to play with other children, born in other shapes.

FADE TO

THE WORMS

EXT: Daylight. Long road.
There are green trees and broad fields to each side of the road, and closer are thick bushes teaming with small worms while hills are in background. The sun is about to set.
OLD MAN is walking along, with bleary eyes, a long beard and ruined dark clothing. He is brushing against a bush as a few translucent worms cling to his coat. He stares down and idly plucks them off, one at a time, putting them on the bush, then walks on again.

CLOSE UP
Of worms to reveal face of a woman with utterly white eyes. She turns from looking where the man went then returns to eating the leaves. As she does one can hear soft weeping.

CLOSE UP
Of leaf, noticing face of a man embedded in it.

FADE TO

SEAWEED

EXT: Ocean. Day.
Ship in distance, burning and sinking. CLOSE UP of MAN swimming from it. CLOSE UP of his features, struggling to swim away as camera PANS over his right shoulder to see ship sink and dissolve under the water.

MAN (v. o.)
Forward. Stay forward. Keep the arms moving. Keep the legs churning. Find something buoyant. Until then keep moving. Oil is creeping up behind.

MAN looks down under water a moment.

MAN (v. o.)
Sharks first danger. Not likely but neither was getting hit by a sea-mine. Think about the unexpected. Think about the possibilities. I am in the void. Anything can happen here.

MAN continues to swim, clearly fatigued.

MAN (v. o.)
Sharks snapping jaws into flesh. Bullets ripping body into wires. Oil torching water into sand. Sky burning heat, drowning in heat . . . (Glances behind him,) drowning in fire.

Camera PANS back to where ship was.

MONTAGE
A) View of a large field of men, all wearing uniforms.
B) Image of a woman and two small children beside a tree.
C) Same men in same position before the ship.
D) Same family in same position before the ship.
E) Same field but now the men are fading, becoming invisible, until only MAN is left.
F) Same family fading the same way.

MAN (v. o.)
Faces fading as I swim. Was there ever a time before this?

MAN glances back where ship has vanished into water.

MAN (v. o.)
Is the sun the only thing in the world besides myself?

MAN seems to have reached his limit. (Time of swimming should have been about five minutes.) Just at his limit and his face dips below the water, cries out in pain. Camera PANS below water to see a shelf of rock that cut his shins. Feet steady themselves as camera PANS back up to see his face. The shelf of rock allows him to stand waist high. As MANS POV scanning water in all directions. Then a fin can be seen of a great shark

in distance, getting closer.

MAN (v. o.)
Sharks first danger. Not likely but neither was getting hit by a sea-mine. Think about the unexpected. Think about the possibilities. I am in the void. Anything can happen here.

MAN glances at his feet, camera PANS to see something wrapping about his left foot. It appears to be like seaweed, long, green with a leafy texture. He kicks it away from him, camera PANS up to see him focused on the shark.

MONTAGE
A) View of a large field of men, all wearing uniforms.
B) Image of a woman and two small children beside a tree.
C) Same men in same position before the ship.
D) Same family in same position before the ship.
E) Same field but now the men are fading, becoming invisible, until only MAN is left.
F) Same family fading the selfsame way.

MAN (v. o.)
Sharks snapping jaws into flesh. Bullets ripping body into wires. Oil torching water into sand. Sky burning heat, drowning in heat . . . drowning in fire.

MONTAGE
A) MAN dead, his body floating on the rock shelf.
B) MAN out in the water, as red slowly envelops him.
C) A glint in distance, sound of an aircraft.
D) View of a large field of men, all wearing uniforms.
E) Image of a woman and two small children beside a tree.

Camera PANS down back to the seaweed wrapping about his leg.

MAN (v. o.)
Was there ever a time before this? Is the sun the only thing in the world besides myself?

MAN is dragged under water a moment. He turns to see himself along edge of cliff face. It is not seaweed but a tentacle. Clutched to one cliff side is an octopus, or something very like an octopus, larger than five men, its body bloated, colour of damp malachite. It starts to dislodge from cliff face. MAN breaks free of creature and starts swimming to shark, still underwater, beast starting to pursue . . .

MAN (v. o.)
Sharks snapping jaws into my flesh. Bullets ripping my body into wires. Oil torching water into sand. Sky burning heat, drowning in heat . . . I will drown in fire before being devoured by *that.*

MONTAGE
A) View of a large field of men, all wearing uniforms.
B) Image of a woman and two small children beside a tree.
C) Same men in same position before the ship.
D) Same family in same position before the ship.
E) Same field but now only the MAN in the front row is fading,
the others remaining as they were.
F) Same family only now MAN flickers beside the woman to her left,
with children just before them, there beside the apple tree, all smiling.
Then MAN fades from view.
Scream is heard.

FADE TO

THE DOLL

INT: Large room.
Man in the room, sitting in large high back chair. Fireplace behind him to his right. As he sits he is staring at floor. Gradually camera PANS around then changes to POV of MAN, watching green doors open, book cases to either side, and small object crawling in.

MAN (v. o.)
Sometimes I still hear her. My mother wandering the house. I was a dutiful son. Never married, never left. Never found the one. Through snow and sun, listening to the rattling of the walls I remained, even after Mother's death . . .

FLASH BACK
EXT: Graveyard, MAN standing beside a grave then proceeds to walk away.

FADE TO
INT: Room.
MAN still at his chair.

MAN (v. o.)
I remained.

Object can be seen now. It is a doll, not simply patchwork. To describe it fully it was a rough outline of a human shape, burlap for a dress, eyes black buttons, mouth a crooked line of string, one arm ending in two 'fingers,' the other in three. No feet. And it is coming toward him.

MAN (v. o.)
That night is when I first *really* noticed it. The doll. Mother owned her . . .

FLASH BACK
INT: Bedroom.
MAN putting MOTHER to bed in large bed, doll beside her . . .

MAN (v. o.)
She my mother's constant companion made of cloth and straw and sawdust and bits of broom. Couldn't afford something elegant so this patchwork was hers. Watched her hair grey fall out, body shaking in spasms, her bones brittling. In those last years she kept the doll by her side, spoke to it. I smiled politely, watching my senile mother collapsed to a pool of memories. Until the end.

Then covering her face with a blanket. MAN turns to leave, only to turn back to see something moving under blankets. He cautiously moves back and lifts them to see the doll now staring directly at him. MAN backs away from doll and quickly leaves the room.

FADE TO
INT: Room.
The MAN still there, the doll getting closer all the time.

MAN (v. o.)
At first I tried to burn it.

FLASH BACK
INT: The inside of a black oven.
The doll is tossed in, and then lit,
FADE TO
INT: Room again.

MAN (v. o.)
But the fire wouldn't take it. The doll only belonged to me.

Now it reaches his leg and starts climbing.

MAN (v. o.)
At night I would hear her crawling, not certain what to do.

It reaches his chest.

MAN (v. o.)
It will never let me go.

It reaches his face.

MAN (v. o.)
I don't know what it wants of me.

FADE TO
INT: Bedroom, now MAN there lying where his mother was, himself a thing of patchwork and burlap. Staring up at the ceiling.

MAN (v. o.)
Is this my fate?

Then returns back to the room, the doll staring at him eye to eye. He slowly rises and then moves toward the door, carrying the doll with him. Camera follows as he goes down the stairs and opens the door to outside. It is night. He goes out into a large garden, listening to the birds chirping. He turns back to stare at the house which is rundown and broken, tall, dilapidated, then stares at the doll again.

FLASH BACK
INT: Bedroom but with MOTHER there, talking to him.

MOTHER
My boy, you mustn't stay here forever. It's time for you to leave.

MAN
I can’t, not while you still need me.

MOTHER
When I am gone will you be gone from this place?

MAN
I promise Mother. I promise.

Doll seems to be watching as they speak. MOTHER turns to doll as he leaves bedroom, as if she is speaking to it.

FADE TO
EXT: Garden. Night.

MAN
It’s time for me to go.

He returns into house then departs again, shutting doors behind him as he does so. Camera ZOOMS in a chair just beside the door where doll is sitting. Slowly it stands then begins to char as if from a fire, turning into ashes that scatter across house, as voices are heard of a woman, changing from whispering to singing a lullaby, that then stops as scene goes black.

FADE TO

TSULBARI

EXT. Daylight. Industrial city, many large buildings seen in distance.
ZOOM IN
YOUNG MAN walking along city, camera viewing him from above. Then PAN DOWN revealing his face, which is rather bland but also blank, wearing a business suit with a brown overcoat over it. Camera PANS BACK to reveal hundreds of men much like this, all dressed the same, all walking seemingly to the same place.

FADE IN.
INT: Large specious office.
YOUNG MAN is seated an ornate desk, staring at papers, typing on typewriter. YOUNG MAN glances up as if hearing something, then gets up, walking around the desk, camera PANNING from in front of him as YOUNG MAN walks the front door, and looks out. As YOUNG MAN does this camera notices a blur of motion passing him, about height of YOUNG MAN. This blur slows down noticeably as it repeats itself, each time, (seven times total,) becoming more focused until camera observes it is body of a large glass-scorpion. YOUNG MAN does not notice, walks back to desk. Camera PANS to YOUNG MAN at desk then PANS BACK as glacial blur appears again, pausing at door.

FADE IN.
EXT: Daylight. Park.
People are gathered about, some playing with their pets, some walking by, families with small children between trees.
Camera ZOOMS IN slowly from position far distant from park, and as camera ZOOMS IN more things slowly change. First a dog can be heard wailing a bit. Camera catches a glimpse of dog's hair starting to fall out, and underneath this glimmering scales can almost be seen. A CHILD starts crying for her mother, CLOSE UP of her arms and legs recede into her body, brief x-ray glimpse of bones smoothing away.
Dog howls are replaced by howls of clicking, scraping sounds. Where people could be heard now no people are.
Camera finishes ZOOMING IN where lone man remains, camera focused on MAN'S feet before PANNING UP to reveal he is no longer human. Face is blunt, dark as black plastic, unreal. Eyes are now two white oval slits and mouth is gone. Three-fingered hands touch where mouth was as MAN tries to scream.
As hands reach up from MAN'S pockets something is heard dropping to ground. Camera PANS to ground, where a wallet is seen. And a police shield.
Camera PANS UP and turns, revealing park is now no longer green but ashen grey, the dogs and people changed. Finally camera ZOOMS IN where girl was, only to find a small rounded lump of flesh, sans eyes or tongue or limb, slowly rolling about pathetically, and briefly the sound of a girl's cries.

FADE IN.
INT: Office.
YOUNG MAN is still typing, once or twice looking up as if hearing something. Eyes turn to a picture on his desk, obscured from camera, which PANS AROUND to see picture of another man, similar in appearance but younger, with YOUNG MAN next to him to his right. OTHER MAN looks unusual, as if trying to smile but something is missing. His appearance is meant to unnerve without being clear why. In his hand is a

black book with gold leaf, titled *Baraqijal.*
YOUNG MAN looks up as if aware of something then returns to his papers.
Camera PANS to door to see blur passing by.

FADE IN
INT: Ornate room full of seemingly important people.
Room looks like a massive hall, people gathered appear to be political leaders. One is standing before podium, speaking to the others, but cannot be heard. Sound of clicking is heard. SPEAKER reels over as if in pain. No one notices. CLOSE UP of SPEAKER'S face as it turns purple, then blue, then a mixture of blue and black and orange, streaks of these colours smearing along his face, as his hair suddenly begins to thicken and small mouths can be seen emerging from the tips of them.
SPEAKER'S eyes suddenly turn bright black and the mouth stretches out as SPEAKER suddenly straightens and continues speaking, no one else noticing.
Camera ZOOMS OUT to reveal all look like SPEAKER, none aware of change now.
Sound of clicking gets louder as camera PANS to right and ZOOMS THROUGH a large window to reveal green park transforming to shades of grey as birds fly up only to transform to glistening bodies of translucent flies, shimmering and hissing as they fly up, colours a mosaic of white and gold and soft orange, sparkling in the sun.
SPEAKER is heard.

SPEAKER (v. o.)
Would I lie to you?

Sound of laughter.

FADE IN
INT: Office.
YOUNG MAN at desk, staring at the picture more and more.
Sound of door opening can be heard.
YOUNG MAN looks up, face drops slightly, partly in fear, partly in shame. Picks up picture and stares at it. Sound of clicking can be heard. Camera PANS to look behind YOUNG MAN to see something crawling on wall behind him.
Massive glass-like spider is crawling on wall. As crawls voice can be heard, whispering.
YOUNG MAN turns to see the creature crawling behind him.

YOUNG MAN
It's you, isn't it?

Spider pauses to stare at YOUNG MAN. Spider then continues crawling up wall, YOUNG MAN following with his eyes until he is staring at ceiling as well. YOUNG MAN slowly turns to where the door is as if he had forgotten what was already there.

YOUNG MAN
(Almost whispering quietly.)
Get it over with.

Camera PANS to middle of room where massive mostly transparent glass-scorpion is now, its organs visible in shades of red. Sound of YOUNG MAN breathing hard can be

heard as suddenly glass-scorpion leaps on desk, sounds of YOUNG MAN viciously mauled, camera fixated on where glass-scorpion was. Camera PANS OVER to body of YOUNG MAN, glass-scorpion ripped his throat ripped out, with blood oozing down his torso, eight long streaks like arms of an octopus. A spider leaps upon scorpion, two fighting, sound of two women whispering, impossible to hear what they say. Then as they die bodies slowly melt, revealing pale forms of two women, still melting, leaving smears of flesh on the desk and floor. Camera PANS OVER to picture of two men. Behind them in distance a massive ten-legged, a pseudo-insect large as an elephant walking in the field. It flickers into and out of existence a few times before remaining in picture as OTHER MAN'S smile grows broader, darker and more menacing.

FADE IN
INT: Large grey room.
Books along right, old and leatherbound. Left wall has three large windows, letting light in. A globe is beside bookcase near old oaken door, with pointed top, giving the impression of a tower. Camera ZOOMS OUT from looking at the door to see large desk with DOCTOR sitting behind it, writing by hand. Knock at the door.

DOCTOR
Enter.

ORDERLY enters room. DOCTOR stares up but face still concealed.

ORDERLY
Sorry to intrude. I thought you would like to know . . .

DOCTOR
When did it happen?

ORDERLY
Few minutes ago. Went peacefully.

DOCTOR
I see. Has his family been informed?

ORDERLY
Ah, we haven't been able to contact anyone outside the facilities sir. Something seems to be happening but it isn't clear what. There have been intermittent reports, but . . .

DOCTOR
Let me guess. Stories of creatures being seen?

ORDERLY
Yes sir.

DOCTOR
Of people being changed into monsters?

ORDERLY
As I said these are intermittent reports. I wouldn't put any faith in them.

DOCTOR
I would.

ORDERLY
Sir?

DOCTOR
Please perform an autopsy on the young man. I suspect you will find he committed suicide.

ORDERLY
Wouldn't suicide invalidate him from the family burial grounds? I thought they were rather religious, sir?

DOCTOR
I do not suspect he will be residing in his family's burial ground. I suspect we will have to bury him on our own property. No one is coming to help us. Not now, not ever again. Please have the autopsy done quickly and choose an appropriate spot of ground for him. Perhaps in the garden where he spent so much time painting.

ORDERLY
Yes sir.

DOCTOR
That will be all.

ORDERLY leaves, closing door behind him.
DOCTOR rises from chair and moves to bookcase. He selects a black book with gold leaf, titled *Baraqijal* and takes it back to his desk, opening the pages randomly.

DOCTOR (v.o.)
Here is the history of Baraqijal and its various forms of life, formed at the beginning of its birth to the coming of its death. May God help us all.

CUT TO
EXT: Daylight. City.

DOCTOR (v. o.)
It is written that in the quaternary age there lived the maiorui shanr whose distinguishing feature was a lack of expression. Neither happiness nor sadness were written there.

As DOCTOR speaks COP is on patrol, camera PANNING DOWN to gun at his side.

DOCTOR (v. o.)
Believing themselves right in their actions and in the logic of their being they were incapable of empathy or compassion.

COP in an alleyway, he sees BLACK MAN walking by and draws his gun on him.

DOCTOR (v. o.)
The maiorui shanr went extinct when each was confronted by the knowledge of how little they truly were . . .

COP suddenly doubles forward and CLOSE UP of his hand reveals fingers starting to thicken and fuse together . . .

DOCTOR (v. o.)
And how their lack of empathy meant they could not even summon the concern to save one another. As a species they perished alone.

COP is now blank-faced, fingers too thick to use gun as BLACK MAN stares as COP tries to scream then kneels over, clearly dead.

DOCTOR (v. o.)
As a species they perished alone.

CUT TO
INT: DOCTOR'S Office.
DOCTOR at desk, reading. Stands up then moves to globe. He puts his hand upon a part of the land which he occupies and suddenly light outside goes out. For a brief moment camera ZOOMS IN observing the globe as suddenly the geography of the globe becomes the real world with DOCTOR'S hand a massive shadow cast over everything as he moves his hand and then camera is back in office, watching as DOCTOR has removed his hand.

DOCTOR
I suppose it must go on forever like that.

DOCTOR returns to his desk where the book is. He continues reading.

CUT TO
INT: Same massive hall. The creatures are still there, talking as if nothing was wrong.

DOCTOR (v. o.)
The slaegruel, born after the maiorui shanr, a species incapable of telling the truth. Since reality was too hard, a lie would suffice so slaegruel were born liars. But all their deceptions had to be of a positive nature. Even if the world was burning they had to say the world was cool, and if dying had to pretend they'd live tomorrow . . .

Suddenly DOCTOR is there in hall, walking to the OTHER MAN surrounded by these

creatures as OTHER MAN is there, sitting at a table, quietly eating. OTHER MAN looks up as DOCTOR sits across from him.

OTHER MAN
Hello.

DOCTOR
Hello.

OTHER MAN
Have you tried this?

OTHER MAN indicates meal, a swarm of large green grubs writhing on his plate.

DOCTOR
Perhaps later.

OTHER MAN
It isn't bad, once you get used to the taste.

DOCTOR
What is happening right now?

OTHER MAN
I am eating my lunch.

DOCTOR
You're dead.

OTHER MAN
(weakly)
A man can do both.

DOCTOR
What did you do to these people?

OTHER MAN
Not a *damned* thing.

DOCTOR
They are not human anymore.

OTHER MAN
They are as human as they always were. This is just them on the inside.

DOCTOR
I read your book. Your Baraqijal is quite the place. History going back billions of years, going forward billions of years. You even mentioned how humanity arrived there one day.

OTHER MAN
That will not be for a while.

DOCTOR
That will be never if the world continues to bleed like this.

OTHER MAN
Can you hear it?

DOCTOR
Hear what?

OTHER MAN
All wars stopped everywhere.

DOCTOR
A lack of war is not the same as a lack of violence.

OTHER MAN
I suppose. But the guns are silent. No one can fire them. Some have no hands, some have hands that weren't meant to fire a gun. These nice well-meaning monsters have no problem seeing the world burn. Now it can't. They don't have the fuse anymore. I do.

DOCTOR
Again, you are dead.

OTHER MAN
I evolved. As others will evolve. As you may evolve.

DOCTOR
Your brother. Is he alive?

OTHER MAN
His end was swift and merciful, his body unchanged. I would not let my brother evolve. That was my last merciful act in this life, if that is what you were asking me.

DOCTOR
Beyond myself and the staff are there any other human beings unchanged?

OTHER MAN
Ask them. They'll tell you.

DOCTOR
They are liars.

OTHER MAN
Yet you *trusted them* more than I. You were the most honourable

man I knew and yet you trusted them more than I. And when I told you I could fix this world by having the sins of a man were laid across his face, you said I was mad. *Unhinged.* Even though *I was right.* So, ask them to tell you the truth and whatever they say take the contrary view as the correct one.

DOCTOR
Let me ask you one thing.

OTHER MAN
Yes?

DOCTOR
How will this end?

OTHER MAN
Check the last page, then you'll see.

CUT TO
INT: Office.
DOCTOR at desk as his fingers flip pages over, going to the last page, then he stops himself.

DOCTOR
No. But all their deceptions had to be of a positive nature. Even if the world were burning they said it was cold, and if all *of us* were dying said we'd live tomorrow . . . *No. Not the last page. Not yet.*

DOCTOR stares off into space a moment.

FADE IN
EXT: Daylight. Vast empty plain.
PRIEST is walking about, relatively tall and thin, it is clear he has been walking a while. Beside plain is a large inner sea, camera positioned to PRIEST'S left so as he is walking camera can see the sea to his right. As PRIEST is walking people behind him can be seen, men and women moving about together, all wearing masks like those of animals.

PRIEST
I will trust in the word of the Lord. I will trust in the word of the Lord. I will trust in the . . .

PRIEST pauses and stares out to the water. The mass of people pause and likewise stare. PRIEST turns back but does not seem to see them. Camera ZOOMS IN among people as they slowly transform, their bodies becoming like insects, shimmering, whole colonies of brilliantly-coloured flies which slowly begin to fall and melt on the sands behind him, like a road of broken brilliant insect bodies.

DOCTOR (v. o.)
The tsathis flies lived in the tertiary age, descendants of the arsenic mayflies who

were the first to evolve on Baraqijal. Their brilliance was designed to attract predators to them, for only in death could the tstathis flies give birth. Their entire existence was spent in the moment of their deaths . . .

PRIEST

I will trust . . .

DOCTOR (v. o.)

The larval form of the tstathis fly resembles a wingless worm.
I suppose such creatures spent their lives dreaming of the day
they would become. Even if what they would become has no future.

PRIEST collapses to the sands, knees first, then body. Camera CLOSE UP of his face turned to the sea. Camera PANS to water as a form can be glimpsed. The skin of water begins to foam as there emerges a massive creature rising from the depths. It is as large as a megalodon, rounded and serpentine but easily thicker than a bus, coloured slightly orange, and though has a mouth has no eyes.

DOCTOR (v. o.)

In Baraqijal there was no creature greater than the Shahar,
a creature of infinite regeneration. There had always been
a Shahar on Baraqijal, would always be a Shahar on Baraqijal,
even to the end of time. But the end of time was now . . .
In the wake of its passing all the life that had ever been slipped
through its consciousness, the myriad races of men and all the
pseudo-insects and glass scorpions and kasrygran mimics. And
in the body of each cell was a world and in the world was retained
the image of the Shahar swimming in those ancestral waters, itself
but the reflection of the world above and beyond, so that as one
peered down, layer after layer there always remained the same
creature, a touchstone of memory in a land infinite. *It was the end* . . .

PRIEST screams silently as camera ZOOMS OUT to reveal the body of PRIEST on sands then is revealed to be a circular cell embedded in body of Shahar as it continues to swim, ZOOMING OUT to reveal the Shahar embedded in the cell of another Shahar, this new beast swimming same inner sea as before.

DOCTOR (v. o.)

But the end never came.

FADE IN
EXT: Daylight. The same hall where the slaegruel now were.
FLASHBACK
SPEAKER is talking, people gathered but now one can hear distinctly what everyone is saying. Camera ZOOMS slowly forward as before, but slow enough each voice takes on a singular quality of its own.

FIRST MAN

Those fucking cunts. I will be so glad when the war is over.

How many have we lost? I will have to say a prayer.

FIRST WOMAN

Have you heard? We had them pledge millions to fight for their country. Of course, we took it all for ourselves.

SECOND MAN

Why yes, I promised as soon as my wife and I divorced we would be together. Just wait a little while longer, please? Would I lie to you?

SECOND WOMAN

Oh? Just blame it on the staff love. If they go to jail who cares? But you know how important we are . . . (as if speaking to someone else) yes make certain my son is there when the police arrive. Huh? Why just in case one plan falls through . . . so what if it's my son. I gave him life. He owes me.

Camera reaches SPEAKER.

SPEAKER (v. o.)

Everyone worth a damn is here. If the rest of the world burned leaving us alive I suppose it would be no loss.

CLOSE UP of SPEAKER'S face.

SPEAKER

Would I lie to you?

DARKNESS followed by sounds of clicking.

FADE IN
INT: Office of DOCTOR.
DOCTOR is peering over the pages, Camerw positioned behind him on is right side, as if looking over his shoulder. Suddenly image is shown in the book of PRIEST, turning the page showing gallery of people.
Pages are flipped, with PRIEST and CHILD, PRIEST inching closer to CHILD each page, as CHILD shows more and more fear . . . DOCTOR closes book and stares into space, with camera still behind him. Knock at the door.

DOCTOR

Enter.

ORDERLY enters.

ORDERLY

Just wanted to let you know. He was buried today. Knocked earlier but couldn't reach you, and we couldn't let the body . . . remain where it was.

DOCTOR
That's fine.

ORDERLY
We haven't heard any word of the outside world sir. Nothing.

DOCTOR
I'm afraid the outside world no longer exists.

ORDERLY
Pardon?

DOCTOR
Have a seat.

ORDERLY sits in a chair across from DOCTOR on other side of desk.

DOCTOR
(holding up book)
Do you know what this is?

ORDERLY
A book?

DOCTOR
Man's inhumanity to man.

ORDERLY
I don't understand.

DOCTOR
I didn't either, for a while. This is not a book my friend. This is man's vengeance.

ORDERLY
It just looks like a book to me.

DOCTOR
Well that is because you are not as refined a specimen of humanity as I.
(Weakly laughs.) Damned irony.

ORDERLY
What irony sir?

DOCTOR
The point of the book is to refine the soul down to its essentials . . .

CUT TO
INT: Apartment where COP is, having breakfast.

DOCTOR (v. o.)
To leave nothing except the individual reduced to where there is nowhere left to go.

COP finishing breakfast, camera CLOSE UP of face as small spots of blackness appear briefly upon them, then fade. Camera PANS DOWN to his hands as they blur and alter, thickening and melting together.

CUT back to office, DOCTOR and ORDERLY still speaking.

ORDERLY
Is that why the outside world has gone away, sir?

DOCTOR
Well it hasn't really gone away, it's changed. I suspect you and I and the staff may be the last human beings left alive.

ORDERLY
How did he accomplish such a thing?

DOCTOR
He imagined a world. All those paintings he made in the garden, of all these creatures. Glass-scorpions and kasrygran mimic beetles, and laitha lalitha and tstathis flies. I saw the paintings. Did you burn them?

ORDERLY
His paintings? No sir, why would I?

DOCTOR
I imagine no one burnt them but they aren't here anymore. They are *out there*, clothing people, like this book. This book is the map of his vendetta against us.

ORDERLY
Map sir?

DOCTOR
Baraqijal. That was the name he gave to his world. It's the name of a demon you know. Maybe he made an invocation to it, or his suicide was payment to it, or maybe it just liked having a fan so rewarded him with a request. 'In the grass where the shadows go not even their master may even know all the darkness the devil sows.' Like that? He wrote it so maybe that was his explanation for . . . something. I don't know. The point is he made a history going back billions of years, ages of species and races ranging from small arsenic mayflies building arsenic coral islands to slaegruel, shanr, all the way to the end, to Tsulbari on the plains of oblivion. But he did more.

He chose us as his models. Our young patient had a very finely tuned sense of right and wrong so peopled Baraqijal with monsters, with metaphors. Slaegruel can only lie, shanr have no expressions but are convinced they are always morally right.

CUT TO
EXT: Daylight.
Alley, COP transformed, kneeling on the street, howling.
Back to office, DOCTOR and ORDERLY.

ORDERLY
You said billions of years?

DOCTOR
Oh yes, billions and billions of years. Whole ecologies. One, the Shahar he wrote of again and again. A pyrosome-megalodon, that was the official designation. Our boy had a knack for description. (Turns head as if in thought, the camera by this time PANNING OVER to see things from DOCTOR'S POV, and just above the left shoulder of ORDERLY.) He also had a knack for punishing others. That's why he ended up here.

ORDERLY
His brother.

DOCTOR
(quietly)
Yeah. He's dead by now I imagine. So is everyone, in the sense that they aren't who they used to be. But his brother is beyond all saving I suspect. Like I said our boy had a finely tuned sense of right and wrong.

CUT TO
INT: Office used by YOUNG MAN.
YOUNG MAN is at his desk and before him are two women, camera behind them as they slowly take off their clothing . . .

DOCTOR
Damn him.

ORDERLY
So, why haven't we changed yet?

DOCTOR
I'm surprised you believe me so easily.

ORDERLY
Sir, we have tried for days to reach the outside and no one has responded. There were reports of . . . things but now nothing. When you eliminate the obvious . . .

DOCTOR
Whatever remains must be the truth.

ORDERLY
You need to have some imagination. You need to evolve to survive. When the obvious things are gone you need new gods or you'll just be trapped in the past.

DOCTOR
There's a thought, isn't it? The past.

ORDERLY
Sir?

DOCTOR
Time is nature's way of making sure everything doesn't happen all at once. However, if you leaf through the pages of a book, even a book spanning centuries, how long is that really, when you think about it? The past is prologue, so maybe all this is just the past.

ORDERLY
What other creatures did he imagine?

DOCTOR
Masculyons. Pale-skinned creatures, like men, but beasts of burden, used by Tsulbari himself.

ORDERLY
Who is Tsulbari?

DOCTOR
He told me the story. Tsulbari is the last to live on Baraqijal. All the liars and frauds, the races of warriors done and gone, life got smaller, except for the Shahar, until only Tsulbari and a lone masculyon were left. Then the masculyon died and Tsulbari was left alone, just this small dropl of life, sans eyes, sans tongue, still thinking, still aware, trying impotently to comfort others even though there was no left in the entire world.

As he speaks ORDERLY is clearly changing, his face in profile becoming paler, his hair growing long and dark like serpents as his skin is white as snow except for his hands which are three-fingered and black, and then just like that ORDERLY is nowhere to be seen. DOCTOR is alone.

DOCTOR
(still talking as if ORDERLY were there.)
You know it kind of reminds me of a parable or maybe a joke, I'm not sure. Do you want to hear it? The messiah returned to Earth, a god in flesh. His purpose was to judge mankind, to ignite the end

of the world. But something went wrong. You know people will accept judgement if they think they themselves won't be judged, and all those in authority, all those in power will merrily let the world keep going the way it is so long as they are convinced a god is on their side and even if the world burns the righteous won't burn with it. And who is more righteous than those who lead? Because it's never those who follow. But in the story this divinity slips from the messiah's grasp, goes sailing forth into the world and is taken up by a random average citizen who was sentenced to an asylum because he kept saying how his brother was raping women and how because his brother was a powerful man he kept getting away with it. So, our stowaway passenger is stuck in an asylum, knowing he has the power of a god. But he doesn't use it. Not yet. He knows if he judges mankind the way a messiah would there would just be good and evil, heaven somewhere, hell somewhere. That isn't really justice at all. No. *N*o. He instead invents a menagerie of sins, each sin attaches to someone, their punishment is not going anywhere, just being what they are, what they always were. Only then, when the menagerie begins, does he exit scene.

During this time scene is changing, walls melting away to be replaced by fields of malachite, hills in distance smoothing until everything is flat, DOCTOR no longer sitting in a chair behind a desk but on the plain, sitting cross-legged.

DOCTOR

After the monsters are revealed a day becomes as a thousand years until the last one doesn't notice millions of years have passed him by . . .

DOCTOR melts into rounded form of small creature seen in the before.

DOCTOR

Then he is alone, the last being in the universe. But since he has no senses he doesn't notice, pretending everything is like it always was, obvious of the dark as he is the last to shut out the light, leaving creation in the shadow of Baraqijal.

FADE OUT